

The Cheer



"For St. Joe

and Success"

VOL. XVII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1925.

NO. 17

Saints Open Season With Victory

RED AND PURPLE WINS OVER AURORA COLLEGE, 10 TO 7

Last Saturday afternoon St. Joe's baseball season opened with all due pomp and ceremony when the Red and Purple diamond aces rambled over to Aurora, Ill., and none too gently humbled the Aurora college nine, 10-7. A large crowd of Aurora students witnessed the game and in good and approved college fashion these enthusiastic spectators furnished plenty of rooting for the home team, as well as an occasional shower of "raspberry leaves" for the visitors.

"Des" Moore, St. Joe's diminutive southpaw, mounted the slab at the start of the game and during the course of nine innings he allowed but eight hits and struck out nine men. Only twice did the little twirler exhibit signs of wildness, but on both these occasions, after issuing a few free tickets, he displayed sufficient coolness to settle down and pull out of the holes nicely. The distinction of bringing in the first run of the season also goes to Moore, as he scored St. Joe's first marker when he stole home on a wild pitch early in the third inning.

A strike-out, a grounded ball to third base and a fly caught in left field retired St. Joe in the first inning. Aurora came to bat and Moore walked the first two men, Johnson and Kuldata. Johnson, however, was caught at third base, but Kuldata crossed the rubber on a passed ball, thus registering the first run for Aurora. Moore then retired the side by fanning the next two batsmen.

Neither team scored during the second frame, but the Saints opened

"THREE WISE FOOLS" PLEASES LARGE CROWD

"Three Wise Fools," that delightful comedy by Austin Strong, held the undivided attention of a large audience throughout the two hours and a half of its showing last Tuesday evening.

Apart from the intrinsic worth of the play itself, it would be difficult to single out any one player and declare him the star of the evening. Therein lies the beauty of the evening's entertainment—co-ordination. To use the words of the fools themselves, it was "one for all and all for one."

Perhaps, however, we may say that Miss Sidney Fairchild, so delightfully portrayed by Francis Schwendeman, was the one they all were for. Sidney was the inspiration of the play, and much of the individual merit is due her, or him.

Knee-deep in ruts during the open act, the "Wise Fools" in the second act were found rolling among the buttercups, which were afterwards for a while so rudely snatched from them. James Hoban, as Findley, admirably portrayed the transition of a grouch into a lackadaisical "lunatic." Charles Boldrick played Dr. Gaunt, whose theories of life seemed about to be realized, yet who could not escape his ruts. The part of Judge Trumbull, the sternly kind administrator of justice, who thought he could work the third degree on Sidney, was taken by Sylvester Schmelzer.

And Urban Wimmers, as Gordon, the dapper nephew of Findley, came through with colors flying. His adoration of Sidney, excellently done, turned the tables in her favor.

J. Poole, detective, Russell Scheidler, and Benny the Duck, forger, Clem Koors, showed how detectives and their victims should behave.

ST. JOE TO CELEBRATE ALUMNI DAY MAY 13

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 12th and 13th, are the dates set for our annual homecoming. Each year the attendance increases and the spirit shown by the old timers grows more warm as the years roll by. All indications are that the number of former students returning to their alma mater this year will be larger than ever.

Among the attractions booked for the occasion are "Believe Me, Xantippe" to be given on the evening of Tuesday, and the next morning the varsity baseball team will cross bats with the best team the alumni can muster. A solemn high mass will also be offered for the deceased alumni. A banquet and meeting of the Alumni association are also scheduled.

BANQUET SERVED TO YEAR'S TEAMS

On St. Joseph's day the members of the past season's football and basket ball teams enjoyed a joint banquet. All had a jolly good time.

And Charles Ruess, as Mrs. Saunders, was the epitome of domestic efficiency. Alphonse Hoffman, John Byrne, Edward Kotter, Sylvester Ziemer and Thomas Ronayne completed the cast that made names for themselves that night.

A better vehicle for the excellent portrayal of comedy, pathos and romance could not have been found. The play offered each participant admirable opportunities to display individual ability, while at the same time fitting into the mosaic of the play.

(Continued on page 2)

ERR MAIL

Colledgeville, Indiany

Dear Paw:

Well the wether sure did run true 2 form 2day since it was a free day and as the sport riters say ole jupe pleuvius tipped his sprinklin can and deluged the earth, which all means it rained.

This is St. Joseph's day but the good Lord must hev got a little sore on St. Joe caus it shore is 1 bum day. last night was the show "3 Wise Fools" it was all rite in its ways but give me a good wild west show or a circus any old day.

i got a letter from Bill Higgins yesterday and bill says he is a takin golf and made the course in 75, well bill ain't got nothin on me I made the course here in 85 and i am a takin latin and if latin ain't harder than golf my name ain't Hiram.

Paw, i shore did think of home last week during 1 of those hot nights the ole frogs started a singin and believe me its a shame the good lord didn't give them frogs wings. It sounded jest like back 2 home on 1 of them summer nites with u and maw rite there and old 'shep' layin near me. But it won't be long now paw until commenctment.

Paw i done went and did some-thin new the other nite—I smoked my 1st cigar. It shore was some censation 2 draw on that old weed. But i got 2 admit that she almost put me down, but old Hiram didn't say a word, only quiet like he slipped that stogie in the spitune and kept settin till the haze had cleared up.

Lissen now paw between u and me we orter be able to pull some good deals this summer. U see i have a been takin logic and logic teaches us to prove things. Now paw, if we could use this logis on that bird at the elevatir where we sell the wheat they ain't no reason why we shouldn't get the money. we could arger somethin like this.

Wheat was 2 dollars a bu. last year

Wheat is jest as good now as it was last year

Argo: This wheat is worth 2 dol-lars a bu.

We sure will try some of this logic on em paw, well i must clothes now for i am going 2 a banquet—a football and basketball banquet, but that ain't what we're goin 2 eat.

Well as the tramp said 2 the din-ner. Don't care if I do,

HIRAM.

Sorrow is the most individual thing in the world.—Father Faber.

PROMINENT CATHOLIC
TO GIVE BACCALAUREATE

Mr. Benedict Elder, lawyer and publicist of Louisville, Ky., will deliver the baccalaureate address to the graduates next commencement.

A descendant of the early Cath-olic settlers of Maryland, Mr. Elder has for many years been prominent in Catholic circles in Louisville, and since assuming the editorship of "The Record," the official organ of the diocese, his prominence has in a few years grown to national propor-tions. At the recent convention of the Catholic press, Mr. Elder took a distinguished part. The editorial page of his paper is characterized by breadth of viewpoint, keen sense of humor and, when occasion de-mands it, biting sarcasm. His facile pen is ever ready to expose the frauds of the daily press.

Besides being editor of "The Rec-ord," Mr. Elder is a frequent con-tributor to Catholic periodicals, a lecturer on educational and historical topics and a prominent Knight of Columbus. He is in every way ca-pable of coming up to the mark set by Mr. S. A. Baldusfof of the Ex-tension Magazine last June. A bet-ter choice could hardly have been made.

NEWMANS ENJOY A
PRIVATE PROGRAM

A private meeting of the Newman club was held in the Raleigh club rooms Sunday, April 26, during which the following members read selections: Robert Koch, Charles Magsam, Charles Ryan, Frank Denka, James Schukert, Robert Partee, Henry Ward, James Borgmeier, Paul Uhrane, William Mitchell, Cletus Dunn, Robert Roweber, Joseph Haus-wirth, John Fertalj, Cyril Wagner, Peter Wclsh and Frank Nichols. In connection with the program, a short business meeting was con-ducted. Father Maurice, Moderator, commended the participants, and in particular the critic, Werner Fromm, whose work, he said, was excellent. Following this was an informal luncheon, which was accompanied by the club's own orchestra.

Some of the fellows yelled at "Hank" Miller: "Huc! Hanc! You crazy hic! Why the haec do you hoc that hunc of bread?" And "Hank" simply asked them: "Hujus think you are?"—The Antonian.

It takes lightning to sign off with a bang.

RED AND PURPLE
WINS OVER AURORA
COLLEGE, 10 TO 7

(Continued from Page 1.)

their offensive during the third. Moore singled, advanced on Fertalj's drive and scored when Basso bunted. Fertalj, Basso and Hoffman all com-pleted the circuit, giving St. Joe four runs. Church hit a two-bagger and came home on Twing's single. Twing scored, and when a fly and two strikeouts retired the side the count stood: St. Joe, 4; Aurora, 3.

St. Joe collected three runs from as many bingles during the fourth. Navarre came home on Basso's drive, and Hoffman scored Tony with a smash into left field. Hofiman came home on Kahle's bunt to first base. Aurora went scoreless. Koors tallied for St. Joe in the fifth, while Aurora gathered three runs in that inning and one in the sixth. St. Joe came back with another run in the ninth, when Petit singled, stole second and came in on Koors' safe clout through shortstop. Final score: St. Joe, 10; Aurora, 7.

The showing made by every mem-ber of the Purple and Red squad was very creditable. Only four errors could be chalked up against the local lads, compared with 13 made by Aurora. Such a showing in the season's first game augers well for the success of the squad during the remainder of the season. Lineup:

ST. JOE (10)

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Navarre, ss.	..5	1	1	3	0	0
Fertalj, 3b.	...6	1	1	3	3	1
Basso, cf.5	3	1	2	0	1
Hoffman, 2b.	..5	2	1	3	2	0
Kahle, rf.5	0	1	1	0	0
Steckler, c.	...4	0	0	10	1	2
Petit, lf.5	1	1	0	0	0
Koors, 1b.5	1	1	5	1	0
Moore, p.4	1	1	0	4	0
Totals	...44	10	8	27	11	4

AURORA (7)

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.				
Johnson, cf.	...4	0	2	0	0	1				
Kudlata, lf.	..3	2	0	2	0	1				
Church, ss.	...4	1	2	1	2	0				
Twing, 3b.	...4	1	1	0	1	4				
D. Lockw'd, rf.	.4	1	1	0	0	1				
G. Lockw'd, 2b.	.4	1	0	1	4	0				
Wilson, 1b.	...2	0	0	10	0	3				
Arker, p.3	0	1	1	6	1				
Hoepe, c.4	1	1	13	1	2				
Totals	...32	7	8	27	14	13				
St. Joe0	0	4	3	1	1	0	0	1	—10
Aurora1	0	2	0	3	1	0	0	0	—7

Two-base hit — Church. Stolen bases—St. Joe, 12; Aurora, 1. Bases on Balls—Off Moore, 9; off Arker, 3. Struck out—By Moore, 9; by Arker, 10. Umpire—Siegle.

It isn't words, but idcas, that writ-ers lack.

SENIOR LEAGUE OUTLOOK PROMISING

The Senior circuit this year will be composed of class teams. As inter-class rivalry in all sports is mighty intense at St. Joe, the interest exhibited by the student body is increasing from day to day. During the past year the class team system has conclusively demonstrated its superiority over the pick-at-random method used in former times; and its introduction rudely reawakened the general waning interest in the fortunes of the Senior League nines.

As each team represents a class, every player does his level best because he is upholding the honor of his class, and thus enthusiasm is kept at white heat during the entire season.

Five teams—the Seniors, Fourths, Thirds, Seconds and Firsts—will enter the race for the Senior pennant this year; and what a race it will be! At least three of the teams look pretty strong, and then one must always count on the old dope bucket being upset now and then. On the whole, the prospects are promising, and every fan is eagerly awaiting the official opening of the league.

Following is a list of the individual teams, together with their coaches, captains and managers:

Seniors—Hoffman, coach; Estadt, manager; Hoban, captain.

Fourths — Boone, coach; Kahle, manager; Hans, captain.

Thirds—Steckler, coach; Orf, manager; Herringhaus, captain.

Seconds — Ameling, coach; Gohman, manager; Gruber, captain.

Firsts—Kotter, coach; Dieterman, manager; Barth, captain.

SOPHOMORE GAB

T. M., L. D.

While the C. L. S. is presenting the "Three Wise Fools" the Second year fellows are laying claim to "Five Wise Fools." Last Sunday these fellows lost their middle name and "Five Fools" took a swim, ducked here and there, and after spending quite a little time in the cemetery (praying) met their "waterloo" just when they felt safe.

(The "Five Wise (?) Fools" please take heed and enter not into temptation on hot Sundays hereafter).

When the Senior league gets under way the Seconds will:

Swat the Seniors,
Fool the Fourths,
Tan the Thirds,
Fan the Firsts.

The Second year baseball team says it's hard to convince the Thirds.

One good thing about the Seconds is their weekly contribution to the tablecloth fund.

The Seconds are improving considerably in baseball, and a good proof of this is George Hepperle. Last Sunday "Si" got his first hit and stole a base—on an error.

Overheard on the tennis courts:

Lilly—What's the score?

Schmidt—It's 30-30.

Lilly—Who's favor?

Judge—This is the second time you've been here, isn't it?

Prisoner—No, sah. This is mah fust an' onliest time.

Judge—Well, haven't I seen your face before?

Prisoner—Yas, suh. I'se yuh boot-legger.

LOST—A book, "How to Keep the Rules of College Life." Lee Dirrig.

FOUND—A book, "How to Meet the Prefect at the Wrong Time." Tom Casserly.

COMPETITION HOT AMONG THE JUNIORS

This year's Junior League should be a record-breaker. At its last meeting the A. A. Board unanimously chose Walter Boone for the coming season's Junior manager, and as the lad from the Bluegrass state is an exceptionally capable and efficient executive, the League is sure to be skilfully handled.

There is some fine material among the little fellows this year. Pitchers and catchers, as well as infielders, seem to be plentiful. Manager Boone plans to place six teams in the field. Each team will be composed of the nine regular players, together with three substitutes, making a total of twelve men. The following squad managers have been selected: Galligher, Fromm, Fulton, Passafume, Bernier and Mattingly. They will meet in a day or so to pick the various teams. Then after a few practice games the Junior season will open and some pretty lively games are anticipated.

Joy is life looking like what it is not. Sorrow is life with an honest face. It is life looking like what it is.—Father Faber.

A broad mind isn't of much importance unless there is some depth to it as well.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL—PROFOUND INCEPTIONS

We are aware that the initiatory of all our actions, except swimming, is at the bottom. The different arts and sciences which have been treated thus far in this school require no other foundation than your pedal extremities. That is the lower termination of your vertical extension is all the understanding that is necessary for the execution of the foregoing courses.

It is advisable to have a deep and solid foundation to everything you wish to build. Consequently in starting life it is best to start as low as possible and build a firm foundation. As stone is solid enough for this purpose we shall in this course give instructions useful in stone quarrying. You might wonder why we do not start lower. Let me assure you that when several hundred pounds of dynamite are due to explode in about a minute, and you are still at the bottom of the quarry, you will thank your asteroids (if you live long enough), that you did not start lower.

I advocate that in every excavation of petrified elements some encouragement should be given to the laborers. The experience of starting a Ford in zero weather is about the cube root of the experience of sledging a stone. Yes, the language used in these two operations varies in strength in practically the same proportion, but the effects are not varied by it. Consequently some adage as, "Constant dripping wears away stone," hung in a conspicuous place, would be very consistent in this case.

There is only one big DON'T in stone quarrying; namely: don't underestimate the extirpateous efficiency of dynamite, for if you intend to play havoc with it, yours will be the less noteworthy end of the affair. If you are situated between the starting place and the ultimate goal of a flying rock your thoughts, as well as your body, will be uplifted. However, such a delightfully informal introduction into the art of flying is sure to procure an easier job for you, and I am certain that you will enjoy playing a harp or shoveling coal no less than shoveling stone.—Wm. Friemoth.

Hard work, mixed with a little intelligence, will ordinarily produce a steadier income than genius.

A newspaper's news is no worse than the public that makes the news.

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Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Ind., Sat., May 2, 1925.

EDITORIALS

MOTHER'S DAY

A week from tomorrow is Mother's day. Surely on that day every one of us should pay homage to that dear old mother back home. We should let her know that we appreciate the many things that she has done for us. Send her a real letter, a letter glowing with love and devotion.

Every one of us recalls, as we glance back through the maze of years, memories of childhood that bring out the devotion of a mother. Her sweet voice we hear once more as softly she croons those old-fashioned lullabies at twilight. We kneel in fancy once more at her knee and recite the beautiful lines of our evening prayer, and then comes the bliss of the good night kiss imparted to conduct us safely to dreamland.

And thus we recall many more instances from our childhood when mother proved herself the best doctor in the world and soothed a bruise or comforted an aching heart. It seems mothers have a way of comforting a child that one cannot describe. This world would, indeed, be a drab place without the sweet solace of a mother's love.

A mother is the dearest friend we have. Those others who profess to be our friends may be for a while, but too often in our moments of need they desert us. But we can never say this of a mother. When despair threatens to engulf us; when before us looms the yawning chasm of defeat, then it is that the spirit aroused by a mother's words beats down the barriers and carries us to victory. Failure she meets with a smile; success with tears of joy. She matches love against all odds, and love conquers. Like the evening star, clear and true, a mother's love and devotion shines forth to inspire us with hope and optimism.

Unfaithful is a word we can never apply to a mother. A child may stand before the world broken and

defeated; though he may have broken every law of the land; yes, even though he stand within the very shadow of the gallows, he will still find a mother near him, speaking words of comfort even though her heart be rent with sorrow.

And after all there are many in the world who forget, who dare to show ingratitude to the woman who suffered and labored for them. The world, with all its coldness and indifference, is so prone to forget, and thus it is that many a mother's heart today is sorely wounded by these piercing shafts of ingratitude. Success, too, often leads a man from this dear old friend. And perhaps it was a mother's prayer that helped him up the ladder to the dizzy heights of fame.

Let us remember then on May 10 and let that dear old mother know we appreciate her. True, there are those whose mothers have left this vale of tears for the life that is eternal. Only those who have lost a mother can tell us what it means to be alone. But after all "a good thought can never die," and her memory will live on to inspire those she left on this mortal soil.

Let us always remember to honor our mothers. That name has caused the strong to weep, the proud to bow down in humility, the wicked to repent. Let us tell her on Mother's day that although time may turn her hair to silver and care may wrinkle her sweet countenance, yet in her breast will repose that heart of gold and from her eyes shall ever shine that light of love and devotion.

ALUMNI DAY

Wednesday a week is Alumni day and we hope it will be a truly great day in St. Joe's history. It will be this if everyone, students and alumni, co-operate to make it such. Invitations have been issued and it is hoped that those of the days gone by will respond and come back to old St. Joe for a day.

St. Joe has ever been known for its democratic spirit and surely this fact is proved conclusively on Alumni day. Dignity is forgotten on that day and everyone becomes the Bill, or Jim, or Jack of yesterday. "It's always good weather when good fellows get together."

The student body should remember that they, in a way, are hosts and as such should show the "old boys" every mark of courtesy, and make them feel right at home, even if we are going to trounce them good and proper on the diamond. Let's make that handshake and word of welcome really sincere.

The stage is set for the biggest and best Alumni day ever celebrated

at St. Joe. We can make it such if everyone does his bit, and the main thing is for the alumni to put in appearance. So what say, alumni, lock up the office, wind the clock, fill the flivver with gas and show you're not superstitious by heading for Collegeville on Wednesday, May 13th.

"IF I HAD THE TIME."

"If I had the time." How often do many of us make use of that trite phrase. But when we look back over the day we too often see that we have wasted time; five minutes here, ten minutes there and so on until the minutes make an hour. And when we consider how few hours it takes to make a day, we readily understand how easy it is to waste time.

Oh! there are so many things that we would do if we had the time. We dream and dream while the time flits past. Life is real, but dreams, never. And thus we go on from day to day, always bemoaning the fact that time flies.

Let us resolve today to use the time now. Throw aside those dreams and turn the minutes into deeds. Then when the sands of time have run their course and we move onward beyond these mortal shores we can say that our lives have not been in vain because we used well the time at our disposal.

FRIENDS

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered and nobody helped us along,
If each minute everyone looked after himself and the good things all went to the strong,
If nobody cared just a little for you and nobody thought about me,
And we all stood alone in the battle of life, what a dreary old world it would be.

Life is sweet just because of the friends we have made and the things which in common we share;

We want to live on, not because of ourselves, but because of the people who care;

It's giving and doing for somebody else—on that all life's splendor depends;

And the joy of this world, when you've summed it all up, is found in the making of friends.

—Anon.

The daughter of a strict-principled old deacon attended a dance against his wishes. Next morning at breakfast he greeted her thus:

"Good morning, daughter of Satan!"

"Good morning, father," was her respectful reply.

JUNIOR JOTS

By J. Hartman, C. Ryan, G. Dapson.

At 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon the members of the third class assembled in the spacious hall of the Raleigh club to commemorate their football and basket ball supremacy. Mr. Dapson handled the meeting very capably. The orchestra surprised the fellows with several snappy pieces. Following this, each member of the class said a few words for the future welfare of the thirds. Our able basket ball coach, Mr. Klocker, then presented each member of the team with a monogram and commented spicily on the merits of each player. The orchestra put on a very lively entertainment until refreshments were served. Everybody enjoyed the lunch, and all agreed that it was the best part of the afternoon's entertainment. After several songs had been given it was discovered that it was time to disperse. The Juniors wish to thank all who helped to make the afternoon a success.

After a disastrous practice game with the seconds, the baseball prospects of the thirds, at first sight, may not appear very bright. It must be borne in mind, however, that while the Thirds played this game with hardly any practice, the victors, on the contrary, had already played several weeks.

An unusually large number of aspirants answered the call for candidates. Coach Steckler and Manager Orf may well be trusted to cut these down judiciously. Of the twirlers, Forche, Pohlman and Mitchell look best at present. Heringhaus can undoubtedly hold any of these in fine style. The infield positions are less easily decided upon. It seems, though, that preference is given to Stettler, Ockuly, Romweber and Christley for first, second, third and short, respectively. Ward and Orf will probably fill in the weak spots here. In the outfield, Schramer, Denka and Hummel or Hartmann are the hopefuls.

Last Wednesday evening the Juniors presented Herman Klocker with a watch charm in appreciation of his work as coach of the Thirds' basket ball team. In his presentation speech Mr. Forche expressed the feeling of the class in general and particularly of the team. Mr. Klocker thanked the class gracefully and wished well for the Juniors' athletic achievement.

ACADEMIC TEAMS TO BE PICKED SOON

Because of the large number of available baseball men at St. Joe this year, many skillful players remain after the Senior teams have been picked. This seems to promise some lively competition among the academic squads. The number of competing teams will be decided upon and the managers chosen within the course of a few days.

"Is this a fast train" the salesman asked the conductor.

"Of course it is," was the reply.

"I thought so. Would you mind my getting out to see what it's fast to?"—Hour Glass.

With all this talk of the worth of a college education it is a wonder some pawn broker didn't take the hint and give rates on diplomas.

First Stude—Jack ate something for supper that didn't agree with him.

Second Stude—Croquette?

First Stude—Naw, but he's pretty sick.

RALSTON? Most certainly! And as usual right up-to-the-moment in style. Better come in early and look them over : : :

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FOURTH'S NEWSY NOTES

Charles L. Gleason, '25.

Once more the Fourth Class club will assemble for a real, lively, spirited meeting. The committee has planned a luncheon to be held on May 10.

Perhaps this will be our last real affair of this sort for the scholastic year. Hence, boys, let's liven up and make this event the biggest and best thus far.

Cletus (Brute) Hipskind and Ray-Leitshuh returned to college this week. Both are looking somewhat thinner. Perhaps they had too much "sleep" and not enough St. Joe food.

The Senior League season is due to open very soon. Every class is in the race determined to win, and the competition will be very keen. The Fourths have a plucky squad that will give their all for us. We can help them, classmates, so let everyone be there to root for them at their games! What say?

"Mac" DeShone thinks he will run for president next term. He has been delivering some very prominent speeches in the past few months, and is now preparing for his inaugural address.

We are sorry to announce that on a certain date within the first six months of the present year, the entire Third class will be expelled from this notable institution. This unhappy event will take place at 10 o'clock on the morning of June 10.

Wanted—A good editor with a lively imagination. Apply at the office of the Third Class column.

At the Football-Basket Ball Banquet

After eating two portions of meat, four potatoes and two boats full of gravy, one loaf of bread, three dishes of pickles, three-fourths of a pie, one jelly roll cake and a quart of ice cream, Hipskind topped it off with six cups of synthetic coffee and calmly asked: "Is there any dessert?"

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CHEERY CHOKES

"You all want to keep your eyes open today."

"Why?"

"Because if you don't you can't see."

Customer—Please give me a fly swatter.

Clerk—Madam, we don't carry any sporting goods.

"What did she say when you kissed her?"

"Not a word. Do you think she's a ventriloquist?"

"What did your wife say when you sneaked in in the morning?"

"Not a single word."

"What in the world was the matter?"

"I put cement in her beauty clay."

The rain is falling fast;
It sure does help the grass.
(That's all).

"How long you in jail fo' Mose?"

"Two weeks."

"What am de cha'ge?"

"No cha'ge. Eve'ything free."

"Ah mean, what has you did?"

"Done shot mah wife."

"You all killed yo' wife and only gets two weeks in jail?"

"Dat's all—then Ah gets hung."—
Blue and Gold.

Prof.—What was the Sherman act?

Stude.—Marching through Georgia.

Somebody says the most stirring passages are found in cook books.—
Lucene Star.

Prof.—Abe, give me a sentence using the word "chisel."

Abe: Lady, I'd like a sandwich. If you haven't got ham, why cheese'll do.

Policeman (producing book)—
Name, please.

Motorist (beginning)—Percival Egbert Reginald—

Policeman (putting book away)—
Well, don't let me catch you again.

"Errare humanum est" might be a good motto, but it would never do for an umpire or an editor.

Boy—Do you sing much?

She—Oh, yes. I sang before the king and queen of England. I had a special song for the queen first, and do you know what she said?

Boy—God save the king, eh?

"Young man, why do I find you kissing my daughter?"

"I guess, sir, because you wear rubber heels."

The best one we have heard lately is about the Scotchman visiting the American zoo. Seeing a moose there he inquired what kind of a beast it was. His friend answered:

"That's a moose."

The poor Scotchman almost fainted, but he replied:

"I dinna want to see the American rat."

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FEEDS OF ALL KINDS

The Clothing House of Wm. Traub

CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS

Priced to Get Customers

Quality to Keep Them

Moses—Have you heard about the fire at Jacob's place?

Isaac—Yeh; the police seem to tink it vas an electric light on de folst floor and de insurance company tinks it vas an incandescent light on de second floor.

Moses—Vell, I tink it vas an Israelite in de basement.

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PORTRAITS

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AND SCHOOL TRADE AND
CARRY A FULL LINE OF
THEIR SUPPLIES—

FENDIG'S

Rexall Drug Store

Rensselaer Republican

Fine Job Printing

"DUSK"

Apace the gorgeous, glorious West
 grows dim;
 With haste Apollo's fiery steeds near
 home:
 Their arch-ed course has led across
 the dome
 Of azure sky, and now they pass the
 rim
 Of human ken, to dip beneath the
 brim
 Of earth; the western sky is flecked
 with foam
 Just as the sea, and furrowed like
 the loam
 Of well-tilled fields, or old-time gar-
 dens prim.
 The folk of earth betake themselves
 to rest:
 The birds on crowded roosts all
 silent sleep;
 The fireflies brightly glimmer here
 and there:
 All, all obey the stern yet kind be-
 hest
 Of Nature: heaven's eyes begin to
 peep
 At earth, and strangely silent grows
 the air. —C. M. N. D. P.

He (admiringly)—You look like
 Helen Brown.

She (so sweetly)—Thank you. I
 look worse in white.—Ex.

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